

Qu' Appelle Progress

QU' APPELLE, ASSA., DECEMBER 24TH, 1896.

No Room in The Inn.

STAND by the frosted window. The red light of early morning is breaking serenely among the billows of pearly clouds over the cold sea. The frost crystals on the panes gleam, and every crystal is a star.

The world is still. The white streets do not yet move with the long shadowy processions of the day. I love the stillness. It was so when the Advent angels sang of the birth of our Peace in the silence of the march of time.

On the hills in the east the great towers of the hospital for unhappy minds gleam like a crown. I love to see them rise in the widening light, and especially when the bells in the crystal air ring in the green festival of the Nativity. Beautiful are the Christmas bells of hospitals—the hotels of God. But that hospital! It rose out of a sympathetic vision of the Virgin Mother as she stood before the inn and was turned away. "There was no room for them in the inn."

It is a strange story, reader, that I have to tell you, but its most remarkable incidents are true, and its lesson has ever haunted me since I first heard it in my boyhood. I have often thought that I would write it out. There were a few stories that I used to hear in my old New England home that were parables of life, and whose meaning has always followed me. This is one of them.

I can see it still in memory, that little red cottage with but one room, under the hill. There were iron bars across the single window, and the door was always shut. Some called it the mad house and some Gadara. There were many such houses in New England a hundred years ago, and a few may still be seen on old farms; for long before Pinel's beautiful mission had begun to fill the world with its influence good hearts had sought ways of being merciful to the insane.

In early New England days people who became dangerous to themselves or to the community by reason of disordered intellects were chained to some oak post or beam in the great family kitchen. In the same provincial times the little family mad house began to be seen here and there near certain great farm houses upon the country roads. This strange cottage hospital usually stood a little apart from the farm house, so that the cries and irresponsible monologues of the unhappy inmates might not be heard by the family and their friends. The iron-grated window made by the blacksmith usually faced the sun and pleasant trees and prospects, and sometimes the faithful house dog's kennel was placed near the barred door, and the howl of the dog mingled at night with the helpless human cries. Insanity was not uncommon a hundred years ago in the farming communities of the old New England States, and the victims were most often found to be patient, hard working, care-taking, sympathizing wives and mothers. The thoughtful traveller looked pitifully from the open stage window on a homestead with a cottage hospital in its airy yard or field, and prayed to be delivered from loss of himself after the manner of the poor inmate there.

It has gone now, that cottage of sorrow under the bowery hill; but there are some places that stamp indelible photographs upon the mental vision, and I see it still. It stood on the edge of a great meadow, where timothy, clover, and daisies waved in summer like a floral sea, where hobnobbs toppled in the broad June sunshine, and over which barn-swallows skimmed on iridescent wings in the long twilights of the hills. The cool orchard rose behind in on the hill, a region of birds, balms, and blooms in the May time, and of idle people about the quaint cider-mill in the fall. At the breathless summer mid-days, when the sunlight was a living splendor, the ospreys wheeled and screamed in the clear sky over the prosperous farmstead. Beyond the meadow was the family graveyard, a little piece of ground enclosed by a mossy wall, where were slate-colored stones, some of them new, with clearly chiselled death's heads, and some mossy and ragged and sunken graves and bars.

The farm house was ample, with open doors and windows in summer. The dairy house joined it, and in its portico well-scented milk pans used to dry in the sun. It was called "The Esquire's"—Esquire Martin. Mayne Martin had lived there for eighty years. His son John occupied it. It was for John's wife, Mary Martin, that the little cottage hospital had to be built.

I used to look curiously upon the house of sorrow amid all these scenes of prosperity as I passed it on my way to the country school. It was called "Mary's room." I had often seen an uncertain gleam at the grated window, and one day I said to my seatmate, "Let us go some when the folks are not home and

look into 'Mary's room.' They say that she is mad."

I did so one day when the farm folks were in the hay fields, and I shall never forget the scene. In the little room sat a wretched woman with a thin face, out of which hope seemed to have gone, her hands clasped over her knees, her hair uncombed and unkempt, and her bosom

me!" Her thin face changed again. "Little boy—I cannot help it; I ain't myself—go away—I shall fly at ye."

A dreadful look settled in her face—a look as of something or somebody else. I hurried away to the road. I could not sleep that night, and I have often seen that face in dreams and in the imaginations of sleepless nights since then.

The son of the old Esquire John Martin, died of an epidemic—"autumn fever," as typhoid fever was then called. He was still a young man. His poor wife was never told of it, but she died of emaciation not long afterward, and both were carried to the family graveyard, where all of the old families are gathered at last, in the silent farm household of love-consecrated ground.

John Martin was not a clear-sighted

stood open to orphans, wayfarers, and to all in need of human pity and sympathy.

"My house is not my own," said one of these gray Friends; it is Heaven's. I have no right to close my doors on any one. All I have is the Master's, as free as the earth, the sky, and the air."

It was to a Quaker wife called Rachel, a woman with a serene face and consecrated heart, that little Mary Martin, of her own choice, went for sympathy and shelter. And here she found a mother who was as true to her best interests as her own mother could have been.

But Mary was a strange child. Her conduct put to a severe test even the well-disciplined heart of Rachel. She would run away and hide for days in a barn loft or in the woods, and when severely reproved, would declare that she could not

away so? I do not understand. Am I not good to thee? Could your own mother do more than I try to do?"

"No, mother; you are good. I think that you are as good as God." Rachel started, with uplifted hands. "But it relieves me here." The girl lifted her white hands to her head and pressed them against her forehead in the region of memory and ideality. "Mother, there are times when my brain burns; and then—oh, mother—"

"What, my poor child?"

"I can't remember."

"Is that why thee staid out nights?"

"Yes, mother. I forgot. And when it all came to me I was so confused I hated to come home again and find you sorry. It was all like a dream."

"Oh, Mary—"

"Mary, there is one cure for thee."

"Cure? Oh, mother, what? I will do anything."

"It is self-control in thy youth. It is to make self-control a life-habit. When thee wishes to do a thing about which thou art doubtful, say, 'No' to thyself. In this way, child, thou canst come to possess thyself, and this strength will shield thee in time of temptation, and thou wilt impart it to thy children."

"Children? Oh, mother, such as I ought never to marry!"

"But thou art becoming a very beautiful girl, Mary. The experience of love will come, and it will be sweet to thee, and thou wilt follow it."

"But I ought not to follow it, ought I?"

"Yes, if thou wilt gain the habit of perfect self-control. Such a loving heart as thine would make a home happy if thou wilt but learn to govern thyself. A right purpose becomes at last a habit of life, the habit of life a character, and character is heredity and destiny. If thou wilt follow my will for two years, I think I can change in thee thy dangerous tendencies of life. Wilt thou, Mary?"

"Heaven knows I will try. I often long to become nothing. It is so difficult, but—she again pressed her hand upon the region of memory and ideality—"

"I will do anything. You will ask God?"

"But, poor girl! Mother Rachel fell sick and died. The plain Quaker procession carried her body away to the little cemetery, and stood around her grave in silence. Mary heard the clod fall from the sexton's spade. A new home now awaited her. It was with an aunt, a good Episcopal gentlewoman of some means, who lived in the suburbs of a coast city."

A new home brought a nearly complete change in the strange life of Mary Martin. The past seemed to vanish from her mind—her childhood among the hills, her mother's unhappy years, and pious Rachel's care and counsels.

"I do not like to think of the life I led there," she said one day to her aunt, in answer to some question. "I only wish my childhood may become oblivion."

She grew very beautiful in person, and very brilliant in mind. All things in life seemed clearer to her than to others. She became a social leader among the young, and was everywhere admired. She was sent to a select school, and easily led her classes. She was fond of poetry, music, and art, and seemed equal to the mastery of every polite accomplishment. She was active as a member of the little Episcopal parish, and her devotion to the work of the society entirely won the heart of her aunt, who lived chiefly for the Church. She was gifted with a voice for music, and saw the relation of music to the hearts of the people, and became a member of the choir and the local choral society. Every festival for charity found in her a sympathetic soul, an angel of good-will and good works. Only once did her old mental malady seem to master her. It was on the Easter morning that she was confirmed as a member of the Church. The good Bishop, standing amid the Ascension lilies as the organ was playing low, asked her to give him her full name. Her mind went from her. She stood before him dumb for a time, and then pressed her hand on her forehead and said:

"I cannot—oh, I cannot recollect!"

The incident passed without much comment as a mere matter of mental confusion. The solemn words were said, and the anthem pealed out, and when she went forth into the April air the birds were singing, and her heart seemed very happy.

So passed three brilliant years. She was twenty now, and the most beautiful and accomplished girl in the prosperous seaport suburb. The doors of society were all open to her, and amid these attentions several lovers came into her experience, but none of them made any deep impression on her affections.

She was as lovely in life as in person. Her accomplishments were but the disposal of any who desired them for any life-cheering purpose; her heart was sympathetic to sickness, suffering, and to every form of distress and sorrow. The poor girls of the parish sought her for their Sunday teacher, and sent her birthday and holiday gifts. Wherever she went she found the world what she made it by her sympathy—full of sunshine, happiness, smiles and good-will. No one envied her; she felt so much for others and was so forgetful of self that her heart seemed to live in other hearts and her life in other lives, and she formed a kinship of soul with all who came under her influence.

There was in the choir which she led a delightful singer whose name was Owen Marlowe. He was a thoughtful, reserved young man, gentlemanly and intellectual, of a fine face, and everywhere esteemed for his personal worth. Mary Martin met him regularly at the choir rehearsals, and she came to know that he was singularly devoted to his poor invalid mother, and this devotion and his modest reserve and conscientious singing awakened in her heart a strong admiration for him, which kindled into love. He returned her affection, each acknowledged the affinity, and each was supremely happy in the new relation. The world became a new creation to them; the sun, flowers, birds—all things were new; life seemed to open to them its golden doors. Mary



half exposed. She looked and saw my young, half-terrified face, and rose and came slowly, with halting steps, to the window. There was something in her eyes that I can never analyze or explain. It seemed as though some other soul than her own were looking through them. She was calm for a short time, and looked pleased and kindly, then her eyelids began to move rapidly, and her eyes to kindle with a strange fire, and she said,

"Little boy—little boy." I started back, but presently put my face to the grating again. I shall never forget the pathos of her words. "You do pity me, don't you?"

I answered "Yes" with trembling lips—"Yes, Mary, I am sorry for you."

"Heaven bless those who pity such as

man like his father, the Esquire, and he left an estate involved in debt, and this had to be sold. The neighbors long remembered the old country auction, or vendue (randon, it was called) when the old Esquire's effects were offered for sale by the auctioneer and "bid" away.

The hapless couple left one child, a little girl named Mary—Mary Martin. She was a strange girl from her childhood, and her history was a wonder-tale of the old New England housewives of fifty years ago. New England has few Christmas stories, but this was one of the few, and it often caused the tears of charity to flow by the holiday fires of the windy coasts and hills.

In the old neighborhood of "The Esquire's" lived several families of Quakers, and the doors of their hospitable homes

help doing as she did. Several times she had been found going at nightfall up to the tree-tops, meaning to spend the night with the birds. She loved to be alone in cowslips, hunting lady's-slippers, or making herself an unwelcome visitor to nests of jays or meadow larks.

"Mary," said Rachel, one day, after the girl had returned from one of her wanderings, "what does make thee act so?"

"I can't help it, mother; indeed I can't. It relieves me to wander in the open air."

"Relieves you? How, child? Explain it all to me. I do not want to be hard. I wish to do just right by thee, Mary. I do love thee with all thy strange ways. How does it relieve thee to wander

"Mother, trouble dwells in houses. Out-of-doors is God's house. Its roof is gold. The sun shines over it by day, and stars at night, and the clouds sail by like angels' carriages. I have seen the angels in them. I can see angels sometimes, can't you? They do not cast a shadow. I shall not cast a shadow after the death comes and takes away my mask, and I go away. I sometimes long for the time when I shall not cast a shadow. I do now. You feel my shadow."

The words were strange. Rachel gazed on the girl with a face full of anxiety and apprehension. "Child, thou art not like other people. Thy thoughts are not natural; they are like waking dreams. Thou dost not see angels. Thy mind is disordered."

The girl sat with staring eyes.



Martin's happiness was full when Owen Marlowe pressed over her finger the magic engagement ring, and drew her to himself with kisses, and said,

"This makes you my wife."
"Wife?" She started at the word. Afar from the radiant rainbows lay the clouds of old days. But the dark memory passed. She told every one of her engagement, and all shared her happiness. She set the wedding day for Christmas afternoon, and when she began to prepare for the wedding, it seemed as though all hearts went out with her in the thought how to make the event the most happy and merry that the well-ordered parish had ever known.

The stone church, with its English-like angles and ivies, was beautiful at all times of the year, but it was especially so in the interior when the evergreens festooned the white chancel and shining memorial windows.

Never had the parish prepared such extensive decorations as now. The place was made a vast bower. It was told everywhere that two of the singers were to celebrate the Nativity at the morning service in glorious songs, and were to be wedded in the dusk of the same afternoon, the story was like a fairy-tale of the day of the bell-ringing world. All young hearts beat more warmly as the picture of orange blossoms drifted through the diamond dust of the frost and snow.

Amid the last joyful preparations it was reluctantly noticed that Mary Martin had again and again become pale and exhausted, and that she was subject to transient flushes of fever which exhibited a slight delirium in their invasions. Her wonted brightness came back after these attacks; she even seemed more radiant and brilliant than ever after they had passed; but they recurred again; the "clouds returned after the rain." On the evening before the festival she threw herself upon her aunt's breast weeping, and said:

"They expect so much of me! O God, how I wish I were well! There is something dark behind it all. Oh, to have as my very own such a heart as Marlowe's, and that old shadow! I tremble when I see my bridal veil. I am afraid of myself; a shadow follows me. What shall I do?"

She sang at the service on the Christmas eve. The cloud was gone. Her radiant self came back again.

"Beautiful thoughts come to me," she said to young Marlowe as they left the church, "and I seem to have been singing, indeed, over the manger and the Holy One. Did you listen to the sermon? How the scene touched my heart! Mary



THE DRESS PARADE.

The two went home, and when they had entered the house, Mary threw herself upon a couch, pressed her temples, and repeated:

"No room for them in the inn!"
"No room for them in the inn!" She then added, vaguely and strangely:
"How I would have loved to have met Mary when she turned away from the door of the inn! Sing something, Owen. You cannot tell how I feel. That song of Robert Burns's. You know—that one—the one—yes, Burns. I love his poems, he could feel."

"What shall I sing, dear? I will sing anything for you. What is it?"
"Oh, that one—the one—you know. I am confused. Oh, I have it now:

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
I'd shelter thee."

"No room in the inn!"—Oh, wert thou in

it seemed, to throw over her beauty and charms the bridal dress, the orange blossoms and sheeny veil, to present the loveliest and most admired bride that the parish church had ever welcomed to its doors.

The Christmas morning had dawned crystal and white; the red sun broke through billowy clouds on the gray earth, ringing with bells and gladdened with song. The noon time was a pale pearly splendor, and the sun went into banks of clouds early in the afternoon, and lights began to flash in merry-making rooms long before the short day passed. The wedding was the thought of all.

The home of the bride was crowded with friends early in the cloud-shadows of the mid-afternoon. The bridesmaids were waiting, and the grooms were ready for their duties in the glimmering chamber. Marlowe came down to the parlor and stood by the chair of his invalid mother for a time before the hour. He looked the model of manly beauty, the picture of happiness and confident

blooms and veil next time; how will I look then? Oh, I don't care about these things myself, but I want to please you and them all. This is a beautiful world. Hark!"

There was a peal of marriage bells, chiming. Her marriage bells—and his.

"How they make my heart beat! Oh, it would be worth a world of suffering to enjoy what I now feel for one single moment. This is heaven to my heart—an angel could not feel more. Life, life, glorious life! Oh, Marlowe! I would that the minutes were hours, and the hours were days and the days years!"

The bell rang on. There were carriages rolling before the door, and a rustle of silks in the odorous dusks of the rooms.

She tripped back for the setting of the veil and the coronet of living, breathing orange blossoms on her forehead. She bent down to the maids to receive the white coronation. Suddenly she lifted her jeweled hand to her forehead. The movement was a flash of gems. She started back, lifted her face, uttered a

have had it about her for days. Have you not noticed it? The wedding will have to be postponed. It will be weeks before she will be well again."

The people were told, and stood still. Each one said, "I am sorry"—simple, helpless words. The merry bells stopped with a half-note. Carriages wheeled down the street. Guests said their kindest word to Marlowe, and hurried away.

For six weeks there was silence in the house. Only Marlowe and the medical man came and went from the door—they only. Over the house hung the black doubt of life or death. In all these weeks the bride lay unconscious. Then the fever turned. Two days passed, but she did not speak.

"The crisis has passed," said the medical man. "Her pulse has come back again, her temperature is normal now,

to talk, and she walked and talked like a child. Some said that she had become insane, and others vacant, but neither view nor report was true—the faculty of memory had disappeared. Many stories of such cases have been told, but none more peculiar or pathetic than this.

Marlowe passed about the streets like the shadow of a man; he came each day to the silent room for a word of hope, but no word came. She did not know him. He ever left his kisses on her cheek and hands, and on the hand of the jeweled ring, but their meanings were all strange to her. One person in her infant world was the same as another.

"The case is hopeless," said the medical man at last.

"Then I must go away," said Marlowe.

He did. His mother had died in these anxious months, and he was all alone in the world now.

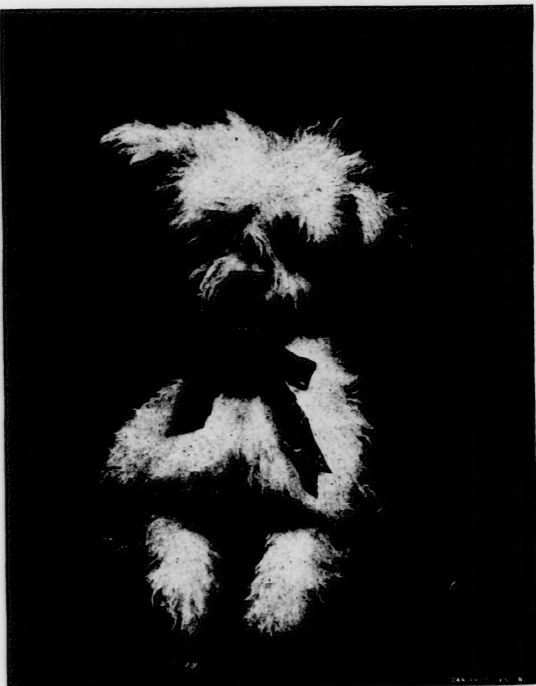
"I shall never marry," he said. "I shall wait. She may come to know me again."

"You cannot be bound not to marry again in a case like this," said the medical man. "Providence has made you free."

"No," said he. "A man who is untrue to another is untrue to himself. We need the sick and helpless to make us noble and true, and only true hearts become stars in the darkness of this world. I shall wait to respond to her return of reason, and I shall seek for money only with the thought of making her happy. Wherever the stars find me, they shall see me true to the mystery called life. Whatever happens, I have faith in Him whose eye sees the whole of being, and who knows what is best for us all. I shall do my simple duty and trust that I will one day see life more clearly."

He went to Florida. It was at the time of the English occupation, and he engaged himself to an indigo planter as an overseer of the Mincron laborers. He remained here for years, amid the endless summers, the paradise of the air, and celestial seas. He at last became a partner in the business and grew rich. He received many letters from the friends of Mary. Each stated that her case was still regarded as hopeless. He forwarded money regularly by the returning vessels for the care of the helpless woman. Her aunt died, and he secured a place for her through the Church in an Episcopal Home.

As he became rich, he yearly sent for Christmas holidays a gift to this motherly charity. With the gift came the thought of what a blessing such homes as these



GOOD DOGGIE.

turned away from the door; "There was no room for them in the inn." No room for her who was about to become the mother of the Saviour of mankind! "No room in the inn;" and how beautifully the rector added at the close, as though it were an after-thought, "In every virtuous sorrow is born a Redeemer, and God has some unknown mission of life for those for whom there is no room in the inns of the world."

"Leaders of truth are always forsaken in their own generation," said Marlowe, "and all the institutions that have pitied the poor and blessed mankind have been born of some great sorrow. Sympathy is but the clear sight of a heart purified by trial. But we will not talk of such things now. You look pale. Are you ill?"
"I feel strange and apprehensive."

the cauld blast! There is a great darkness coming over me. Sing! Sing!"

Owen Marlowe sang the beautiful song to Mendelssohn's sweet interpretation, which was then for the first time drifting over the world:

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee."

The next morning Mary was apparently well again—the sylph-like radiant beauty of golden words, affluent affections, and unconscious charms, as in recent years.

She sang in the odorous church that morning in the same sympathetic way, then returned home. It only wanted, as

hope. The minutes seemed to pass too slowly for him.

The bride stood before the mirror in her room. She was not a vain girl, but she looked so lovely, even in her own eyes, when the silver sheen of her wedding dress had mantled her, that she hurried childishly into Marlowe's room, and sent for him, and said, "Do I look beautiful, Marlowe?"

"Yes, my charm—beautiful!"
"I am so glad; not for my sake, but for yours. Let me kiss you and go. I will return again in a moment."

A necklace of pearls and brilliants was added to her charms. How bright they looked under the spilled light of the silvery astrals! She tripped back again to Marlowe's room, and said, "How do I look now?"

"Charming, charming, my little enchantress! Beautiful!"

"Let me kiss you again and go. I will come back again in a minute. Orange

pitiful shriek, and said, "O Heaven be merciful! There is no room for me in the inn," and sank to the floor.

The bells were pealing again on the frosty, cloudy air. Steps were hurrying on the street. There was a rush of guests towards the bride's apartment, followed by speechless tongues and wild eyes. There she lay, a heap of silks and gauze and jewels, white as the dead, and unconscious of bells or groom or any earthly concern. They took the glittering wreck of beauty, hope, and gems, laid her on a couch, and called Marlowe. A medical man was summoned, and came rushing in, and asked the people to retire. They did so, wondering in intense suspense what the decision would be.

Marlowe bent over her form of wax, his heart beating, but still hopeful, his mind in suspense. The medical man held her hand, and marked her pulse for a time in silence, and then gasped:

"It is the autumn fever. She must

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME.

HEAP on more wood, the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will;
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
And well our Christmas sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night.
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle-sheen;
The hall was dressed with holy green
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose
The lord undergating share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

—Sir Walter Scott.



Taken from Life.

In Possession of Mr. Schreiner.

but there is something about the case that is very strange. She does not know me or any one. She seems like an infant. I dislike to say it—I have been experimenting; but I must tell you that it seems to me that her memory has gone. She seems to have no knowledge of anything past. She does not even know Marlowe. It is a remarkable and unusual case. We must wait."

They waited. The days went on. The March winds blew over the foaming harbor, cerulean skies came, and the swallows flitted back from the South, and the air became sweet with the peach and the apple blossoms.

But she recognized no one. She lingered silent and helpless until summer came, then she seemed to begin life again. They had to teach her to walk, and then

were to those to whom all the doors of family life were closed.

But Florida, which was a glory in the air and in the highlands, was full of poison in the indigo fields that lined the dead river beds and the swamps of the cypress trees. Marlowe gradually became

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A CHRISTMAS SECRET.

SIX little stockings in a row
Beneath the mantle shelf were swing-
ing:
Six little forms lay wrapped in dream-
Of gifts that Santa Claus was bringing.

And as in slumber sweet they lay,
With rosy cheeks and tresses ruffled,
Within the room there came a sound
As if of voices softly muffled.

And soon two stealthy forms appear,
So softly over the carpet tread,
Wake on the shelf a taper lamp
Its flickering light is faintly stealing.

"Now, which is Kitty's stocking, dear?"
Says one; "and which is little Polly's?"
You know I must not give the boys
Such playthings as these china dollies."

But as they whisper soft and low,
Two round eyes are shyly peeping,
For Kitty, by some strange mischance,
Was not so very soundly sleeping!

On Christmas morning, just at dawn,
Six little hands the stockings rife,
While many a shout of joy is heard
At each discovered top and tuffe.

But papa frowns, and mamma clares,
When Kitty says, amid the dories:
"I saw old Santa Claus last night,
And don't you think, he brought his wife?"

"I heard him ask her, just as low,
Which one was mine, and which was Polly's,
Because he didn't want to give
The boys our pretty china dollies."

"I had a mind to speak right out,
And tell them, but I was afraid,"
And both the parents smiled to think
The secret was not quite betrayed.

—Helen Whitney Clark.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

SLEEP, dear, sleep, where nothing ill is,
Let no joy bells, ringing in the morrow,
Give your happy dream a thought's
interference,
Screened from all the world of wrong and sor-
row.
By the lilies
Of your spotless purity and peace
Sleep, and only hear in dreaming
Far-off music, beating, fleeting,—
Never lullaby so sweet and blest,—
Christmas bells—the heavenly song repeating,
Softly seeming
Angels singing you to deeper rest.

Sleep, love, while the gracious story
Of another Child the bells are telling,
Whose dear hand is holding yours to-night,
The sweet Christ Child bending from the
dwelling
Where His glory
Fills the heavens themselves with tender light.

Sleep? the Christ Child keeps the heavens
above you,
Still—the song upon your dream intruding,
Falls around you slumber's silent fleece,
Fills the mother heart about you brooding,
So doth love you
That He lends His purity and peace!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.



THE CARD TRICK.



a victim to periodical malaria, and resolved to return by ship from St. Augustine to the old sea-coast town. Twenty years had now passed since he left the scenes of his early disappointment. He came back to the old town again a tall and withered man, bearded gray. No one knew him. He inquired about Mary, but few knew anything of her except that she had been taken to an institution years ago, and had never recovered her mind.

He inquired for the physician who attended the patients of the Home. He found him. It was the 24th of December.

"Do you have a patient in your Home by the name of Mary Martin," he asked. "Yes, at the Home—a very remarkable case," said the physician. "Was engaged to be married, and fell sick on her wedding day, and never recovered her mind. Lost her mind in a long fever. She is all again. She looks like an old woman now. Her face is emaciated, her hair is white; I never saw hair so white as hers."

"I was a dear friend to her, and I have never ceased to regard her as such. Can I visit her?"

"Yes, yes; for I think you can at the right time—tomorrow perhaps. She

after sleeping in a stable," said the sexton. "An' sure, on a night like this, when all the world is friendly, I might let a gentleman like you sleep in the study. We haven't any rector now, only a supply, and you might stay at my house, or in the study."

"I used to sing in this church," said Marlowe.

"An' how long ago was that?" "Twenty years. I have been away to Florida, and now that I have come back, there is but the church here that is as it used to be. Let me stay in the study after the service. I love the old church. It stands in the past and my rest in it would be sweet."

How beautiful was the anthem that night—"When all things were in silence." The people came and went, but he knew not one of them, nor they him. But the peace of the world seemed there. The sexton turned down the lights. The cross faded, the scanty decorations. He went into the little study, where was a bed-lounge, gave a Christmas gift to the sexton, and still wondering at the meaning of this strange life, sank trustfully to sleep.

He was awakened in the morning by a cool draft of air and the chiming. They were the bells of old. He came to the



THE SCOUT.

"Yes, go, I will stay by her for an hour, if the matron be willing. Speak to her."

The servant went to the matron, and the latter came out sturdily, and paused, and said,

"You are an old friend of the family?"

"Yes, madam."

"A stranger in town?"

"I once lived here many years, madam."

"Your name?"

"Marlowe."

"Marlowe; yes, I have heard her name with respect."

Marlowe? It sounds familiar. It is all right. Poor soul, there are few who come to see her now. This is her room."

He entered. He approached the bed, which stood opposite the window. He

No; it is white. I am not an old woman. What has happened? It is white. Oh, Owen, look, it is white!" She lifted her locks again from the pillow, and drew them out as if they were the flax of the spinner. "Have I been ill long, Owen?"

"Yes, a very long time." The western light of the window glimmered across the bed, and she continued to draw out her locks, and to wonder when and how they were changed. "I seem to have been away, Owen. There was no room for me in the inn of this world, and I went away to the cave; and the stars of God shone over me and the candle bells came. But oh, that was all a dream. I hope I am dreaming now."

"Yes, that was a dream, Mary. You are better now."



His beautiful voice came back again and he sang:

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lee, on yonder lee,
My plaidie to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;

Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blow, around thee blow,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;

Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

"Owen, you do pity me?"

There is no room for me in the inn. I am going away."

She turned her white face to the sunset light. Over the snowscape the sinking sun blazed like a far gate of heaven, and the tinged clouds seemed gathered around his departure like a shining spot. She lifted her thin hand again in the slanting light.

"Owen, what did they do with my wedding ring? Look into the bureau; it may be there."

It was not there.

"Go ask the people here. Where are they? They may know."

They did not know where it was—that matter was an incident of long-vanished years.

"Owen, find it, and put it on my hand when I am dead. Cross my hands on my breast, with the ring on my wedding



THE DRILL.

"Yes, God knows I pity you, and love you."

"He knows it all."

"Yes, Mary."

"Let us leave it all with Him. You have been true."

The gold of the mid-afternoon burned along the snow clouds in the west, and Mary Martin turned towards the light. It was a changing day. The air was mild, and one live robin came and sang a rift of belated song in the gaunt bow of an apple tree near.

"Owen, there is no room for us in the inn. I am going away again. The candles will come with their bells, and the stars of God will shine where I am going. I am going away, and I will wait for you there. I am happy—my soul is happy. I am glad to have lived to be loved by one true heart. It is better, all, beyond.

finger, and stand by me when the prayer is said, just as you were going to do. You will, if you find it?"

"Yes, just as I was going to do."

"And the minister will say something from the text that tells how Mary was turned away from the inn in her sorrow. I pity her."

She lay dreaming for a time; then spoke again. "Owen, you said that you pitied me?"

"Yes, Mary, and I love you."

"Mary?" How beautiful that word sounds to me! He said that some good was born out of every virtuous sorrow—he, the rector—so long ago. The room was still again.

"Owen?"

"My Mary?"

"I love to hear you speak that word. Owen, I wonder if any good will be born out of my sorrow?"



A SMALL FAMILY IN TIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

has been sick of a fever and is very much reduced. The fever turned yesterday, and she is out of danger for the present, but she lies sleeping. The sleep is hardly natural. Call at the Home tomorrow, and if she is better you can see her. See her? yes; there are few who call for her now."

Marlowe went out of the medical office, and passed about the town. The little church was still mantled with ivy, as of old, and young people and children were carrying evergreens into it. He went in and looked up to the choir gallery where he used to sing, then sat down and cried. A child came to him and asked him if he were hurt. He said that he was, and covered his heart with his hand, and the little one moved doubtfully away.

He inquired of the sexton about an inn in the place, for the old inns were gone, and everything seemed changed. There were few shops in the harbor now, but great smoking factories rose like cheerless fortresses on the hills.

"The inn; was it the inn you said? Well I am sorry for ye, but there isn't any room in the inn."

"Then let me sleep in the stable. I am all alone in the world."

"You do not look like a man to be

communion fasting, and, after the service, went to the inn for refreshment, and then went to the Retreat.

"Mary Martin?" he asked at the door.

The kilted servant stood in silence. "Mary Martin," she said at last. "Don't you know?"

"Yes, all I knew her years ago. I wish to see her. I have come a thousand miles, and the doctor set the hour."

"You can see her," said the woman, "if it will be a satisfaction to you."

It won't make any difference to her. She has not yet come out of her long sleep, but one visitor can do her no harm or good. Go in if you wish. In that apartment," She pointed. Marlowe walked away towards the room. It was afternoon. O how changed from that afternoon twenty years ago! The woman followed him to the door. A white bed and a white face in a drift of white hair lay in one corner of the room. The place was silent.

"A brother it may be?"

"As near as that."

"Will you stay with her awhile," asked the servant, "and let me go out? I haven't been out to-day. It is very lonesome, sir."



A BLENHEIM SPANIEL.

slowly stepped towards the white face, which seemed as unconscious as of one dead. Opposite the bed on the side of the door was a long mirror, and on the counterpane was a single spray of ivy.

He sat down in a chair close to the bed and passed an hour in silence. Then he spoke: "Mary!"

The sleeper started, and opened her eyes, and looked around.

"Mary!"

The blue eyes gleamed.

"Owen!"

"What Mary?"

"Where am I?"

"What did they do with my dress and veil? Open the bureau, Owen, and see if they are there." She saw the ivy spray on the white counterpane. "There is some ivy," she said. "Who brought it? Where are the orange blossoms?"

A merry peal of bells from the church tower fell on the crystal air. She started up. "I will hurry. Those are our wedding bells." She turned her face towards the glass and saw herself once more. "Owen!"

"Mary?"

"Is that I?"

"Yes, Mary."

"I can't help it, Owen. I couldn't



OLD NURSE'S TEACHING.

"With me, Mary." She lifted her thin hands from the sheet. "Owen, look, do you see? These are not my hands, Owen—these are not mine. They are not mine, are they, Owen?"

"You have been ill, Mary."

"Where is my ring gone? That is not my hand, Owen; say no."

"You have been ill, dear, ill for a long time. You are better now."

She brushed her hair from her face. "Owen"—there was a long silence—"this is not my hair." She lifted her white locks slowly and spread them out on the pillow.

"This is the hair of an old woman. Owen. It is gray; look at it—it is gray."

help it—I couldn't help it. Owen, I was beautiful, wasn't I?"

"Yes, Mary."

"I was beautiful. Do you love me still?"

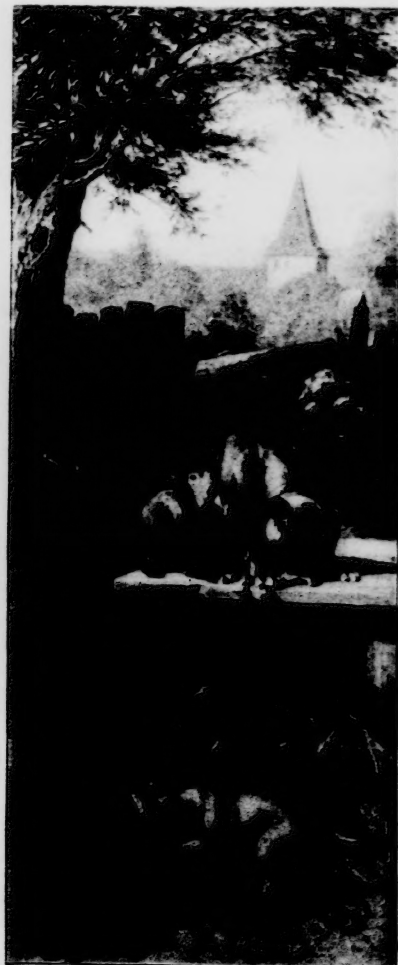
"Yes, I have never ceased to love you in all the changes of years."

"Years? Have I been ill for years?"

Owen, you have changed. You are growing white. Look into the mirror, Owen. Look! O God, what a picture! Look, look! We will both look. Heaven pity us both! What does it mean?"

The two gazed in silence, the poor invalid wringing her hands.

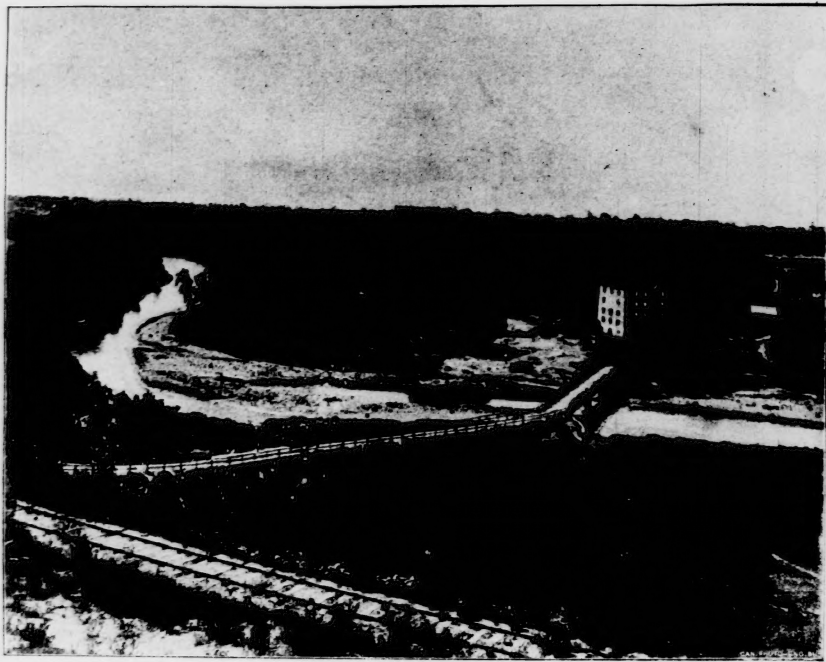
"Owen, I want to hear you sing again—that song I loved—Burns's. Let me rest while you sing it."



TASTE.



SCENT.



THE HUMBER, NEAR TORONTO.

"I hope so. Our eyes are holden. We cannot see the far ways of life. Not far—not far."

"Owen, there are others who suffer in mind."

"Yes, Mary."

"Pity them; shelter them. The world is cold; the inn is full; pity them."

He went out. He found the ring among treasures that friends had kept. When he returned she lay dead in the last light of the cold sunset, her thin hand outstretched to receive the ring.

It is Christmas. The snows of God are falling. Bells and happy feet are passing under windows hung with green crosses, and lighted with warm astrals and well-fed household fires. A party of ladies are going from the church to the new hospital. They call the beautiful building, on whose towers the snows are falling, The Inn. The hospital is for mental maladies, for the homeless who have lost their mental direction, way-farers in mind whom the world neglects and forgets. Owen Marlowe's name is cut in marble over the door. The building is beautiful, a palace, not a little out-cast hut grated and barred on a New England hill.

And where is he? The snow is falling on Mary Martin's grave, and on his.

WORK AS A REFUGE.

WALTER SCOTT and Alexandre Dumas were alike in their power of industry. Scott used to say, when talking of his work, that he often wished he could cease thinking, just to see whether his pen would not finish the page of itself. The great French romancer's capacity for continuous labor was even more extraordinary. To him, indeed, as perhaps to all such men, work was a refuge from all the ills of life.

For forty years he suffered from some internal disease which, when it was upon him, made it impossible for him to sleep.

When Alexandre Dumas, the younger, was just out of college his father took him on a hunting trip. They put up at a farmhouse, and occupied two little bedrooms which opened into each other. In the middle of the night the son was awakened, and saw his father walking back and forth.

"What are you doing?" asked the boy.

"You see. I am walking."

"You are sick?"

"Yes, I am in great pain; but I am used to it. I have it every night."

"Is there nothing to cure it?"

"It is incurable."

"But can't it be relieved?"

"No. When it takes me I get up and walk. If it is very bad, I go to reading."

"And when it is insupportable?"

"I go to work."

It was true; and in later years his son often saw him in the night sitting at his desk writing with one hand, and holding upon his stomach with the other.

"How can you work always?" someone asked him on such an occasion.

"I have nothing else to do," answered Dumas.

SPOKE IN MEETIN'

A PLEASANT story of Rufus King as a young man, told by one of his friends to another many years ago, has recently been recalled.

It seems that Mr. King, then a young lawyer in the practice of his profession, in Boston, had been detained over a case which called him to Plymouth until late one Saturday evening. It was necessary that he should be back in Boston Monday morning, so he mounted his horse early on Sunday and began a leisurely journey homeward.

After several hours' traveling he came to a plain little wooden building on a roadside knoll, through the doors and windows of which, open to admit the balmy air of summer, he could see an assembled congregation apparently engaged in religious services.

Alighting, out of deference to the day, Mr. King quietly hitched his horse to a tree, entered and sat down, expecting to be presently edified by hymn or sermon. Much to his surprise, neither was forthcoming, and he presently perceived

that he was attending a Quaker meeting in a season when the spirit did not move any of the worthy brethren to discourse.

Dead silence prevailed and continued, with no prospect of a break, as long as the unexpected guest could endure it. Then he rose in his place and without explanation or introduction delivered an address upon suitable topics—a most excellent impromptu sermon in fact—to

came suddenly to his feet also, forgetful of time and place, and cried in an irrepressible outburst:

"That's the man that spoke in our meetin'!"

A SCHOOLBOY who "builds better than he knew," described St. Augustine, Florida, "as a great summer resort in the winter."

YULE-TIDE.

WE meet to-night a band of far-off friends:

Long-severed hearts, whose lives have separate ends

Rich friends and poor, whose hearths are bright or drear;

But pledge them all, "God speed," since they are here!

Why came the Child, who this fair night was born,

But that dark lives should sometimes see the morn?

Shake hands; and, parting, sing Love's song again:

"Peace unto all on earth, and good-will towards men!"

Perchance some heart from thy glad board hath ranged;

Some heart from thee by grief or chance estranged;

Pledge him "God speed!" at this thy Christmas cheer,

As in old days when he, in love, was near.

Why came the Child, who this fair night was born,

But to bring back the feet that roam forlorn?

Let be the buried Past, and softly say:

"God speed, poor child, upon thy solitary way!"

Perchance to-night some fading eyes are,

Who scarce may see another dying year;

Pledge them "God speed!" upon their onward way.

A sweet "good-night" until the break of day:

Why came the Child, who this fair night was born,

But from their brows to loose the dying thorn?

"Good-night, and may the star of Bethlehem Shed, when they fall asleep, the same pure light on them!"

Perchance to-night the vacant chair is seen,

Of one whose grave still blooms in memory green;

Pledge him "God speed!" as though he still were here.

Though gone before thee into life's New Year:

Why came the Child, who this fair night was born,

But for heaven's barns to reap His golden corn?

She is not a tear, but when ye hear the swells Echoing through heaven of merry Yuletide bells,

Rejoice, and lay upon his grave a crown of immortelles

—W. M.



WORN OUT.

he could not be drawn from an idea which possessed him; at other times he had a distaste for work.

It once happened that he put off some music which he had engaged to furnish for a court concert so long that he had not time to write out the part which he himself was to perform.

The Emperor Joseph, who was peeping everywhere, cast his eyes on the sheet from which Mozart appeared to be playing, and was surprised to see nothing but lines upon it.

"Where's your part?" he inquired curiously.

"Here," replied Mozart, with a bow, touching his forehead.

Even a judge's patience is not inexhaustible, if some of the stories told of certain lights of the legal profession are to be credited.

In a Western court, not long ago, a tiresome lawyer had been trying for more than two hours to impress upon the jury the facts of the case, as they appeared to him. At last he glanced at his watch, and turning to the judge, said:

"Had we better adjourn for dinner, or shall I keep right on?"

"Oh, you keep on," answered the judge; "keep right on, and we will go to dinner."



THE FLORIDA TOBACCAN.

A VETERAN.

I M a battered, old banged baby carriage, you see,

And I don't think I'm good for much more.

For at first, bless their hearts, they just bought me for one,

And I've had to do duty for four.

Yes, I looked pretty fine when they first brought me home.

Painted white, with a lace parasol, And I surely felt proud when they wheeled baby out.

But No. 2 came in the fall.

So they tucked them both in, and I didn't much mind.

In spite of the folks' silly grins, But No. 3 gave me the blow of my life.

For I never had counted on twins!

My parasol's torn, and my paint is all gone.

Washed off by a night in the rain, And to tell the plain truth, I am rather a wreck.

And I'll never be pretty again.

But there's life in the old carriage yet, and I think

That my spirits perhaps may revive

And with care, and some mending, I'll brace up again

And be ready to tote No. 4!

—Louise Edgar.

SELFISH TOMMY.

COMPLIMENTS and kind wishes should be swallowed at once and no questions asked.

A little Chicago boy, according to the *Record*, had greeted his grandfather with a very politely expressed birthday greeting. The old gentleman thanked him, but being of a facetious turn, felt bound to ask a question.

"And why do you hope that I may have many happy returns of the day?" he inquired.

"Cause you always give me something," answered the innocent Tommy.

SAFE.

It is said that the time which Mozart most willingly employed in composition was the morning, from six or seven o'clock until ten, his hour of rising. After this he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish some particular composition at a given time.

He worked very irregularly; at times

INFANTILE GRIEF.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows Is like the dewdrop on the rose;

When next the summer breeze comes by, And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

—Sir Walter Scott.

When a man is taken in he is usually put out. —Texas Siftings.

NEIGHBORLY AMENITIES.

The New York *Weekly* has this little item of news from the suburbs:

"Why in the world don't you grease that lawn mower of yours?" asked a lady of her next-door neighbor's hired man.

"Missis told me not to till you had your pianer tuned," answered the hired man.



THE FOSTER MOTHER.



A MUTE APPEAL.

A Goorka Boy's Christmas Gift.

A Story of the
Last Afghan
War

R. GOODMAN, the resident missionary at the village of Sambhur-Ghaut, (Deer Gully), in the Lower Himalaya, was usually the earliest man abroad in the whole place; but when he came out for his customary walk before breakfast on a certain fine October morning in 1879 he found the entire village astir already.

Hindoo women, in loose, colored, trousers and coarse white wrappers; Hindoo men, with little on but cloaks and turbans, and Hindoo children, with nothing on at all, were scampering along the road, as if for a wager, toward the "lines," where the soldiers quartered in that district were encamped. At any time the native inhabitants were ready enough to run and stare at the gay uniforms of the soldiers and listen to the stirring music of the military band.



STAND STILL.

But to-day was a special occasion, for all the soldiers in the place, British and native troops alike, had just been ordered off to Afghanistan.

The parade ground was already surrounded with bullock carts and covered with long lines of men, whose bayonets glittered brightly in the rising sun. On one side were the tall, bony frames, light complexioned and tartan kilts of the Scottish Highlanders, contrasting strangely enough with the dwarfish, thick-set, flat-faced, swarthy Goorkha mountaineers from Nepal.

"Here comes one of our boys, my dear," said Mr. Goodman to his daughter, as a slim Goorkha lad came forward from the mass of troops which had just "fallen out" of their ranks after the inspection. "You remember Umir Singh, who got the prize last year at our school in the Goorkha lines? Here he comes to bid us good bye!"

"Salam, Padre Sahib—salam, Missy Baba," said the young soldier, with a graceful bow of his small black head.

"God bless you, my boy," replied the missionary. "Take care of yourself, and remember what I've told you."

"And think of us when you wear this up among the cold mountains," added Harriet Goodman, giving him a wistful look.

"Umir Singh always think of you," answered the boy, "and when he come back he bring you Christmas gift."

"How that pledge was redeemed will be seen hereafter!"

Ten months had passed since Mr. Goodman bade good bye to his Goorkha pupil, and many things had happened in the interval. Kabul had been taken, retaken and taken again. Kandahar had been entered and garrisoned by British troops, and then, just as Afghanistan seemed completely crushed, Ayoub Khan had come charging up the valley of the Helmand with 20,000 men, overwhelmed General Burrocks, blockaded General

Primrose in Kandahar, and pressed him so closely that the troops sent to his relief had to advance by forced marches.

But the relieving force had come up at last. From the highest point of the Kandahar citadel the besieged garrison had watched for hours the dust-clouds that came rolling across the great plain below, with a keen glitter of steel breaking through them every here and there, marking the advance of the British columns. By sunset that evening the English general had all his men in position, and the Highlanders and Goorkhas who had marched out of the Sambhur-Ghaut together nearly a year before bivouacked once more side by side, watching the Afghan camp-fires twinkling along the surrounding hills through the fast-falling shadows of night, and listening to the wild cries and barbaric music that came floating upon the evening breeze.

Among those who busied themselves in examining all the points of the formidable position which they were to storm on the morrow, the foremost was a slight, sinewy,

"This gun belong my regiment. See, here my mark upon him!"

He had scarcely uttered the words when half a dozen Afghan swords were clashing around his bare head while the air was rent with a burst of ear-piercing yells.

But help was close at hand. High above all the din of battle rose Donald McPherson's mighty shout, "Weel done the Goorka laddie!" while at the same instant the butt of his clubbed rifle fell like a sledge-hammer upon the forehead of the nearest Afghan, dashing him to the ground as if struck by a thunderbolt. Another of those resistless strokes felled a second enemy dead on the spot, and the rest, fierce as they were, drew back in dismay.

But at that moment a fresh host of Afghans burst in upon the little band of assailants, and when the surging sea of grim faces and flashing weapons had swept by it left poor Umir Singh lying face downward in the crimsoned dust, and Donald McPherson, himself covered with blood from a terrible cut in the head bending anxiously over him.

The Christmas of 1880 had come round at last, and there were high doings in the school-house at Sambhur-Ghaut. Mr. Goodman and his daughter had got up an unusually brilliant Christmas-tree for the little folks, and the Goorkha boys from the school in the "lines" had been flocking in all day long with presents of every kind for their "Padre Sahib."

Some of the gifts were certainly of a rather curious sort. One sturdy little fellow produced a dead crow which he had brought down with a bow and arrow of his own making, and which he now held aloft in triumph, with the arrow still sticking in it. Another had carved a piece of wood into the likeness of a goblin, hideous enough to frighten a horse, and wished to have it placed on the top of the tree by way of centrepiece.

The fun was at its height, and the little brown faces were all radiant with delight at the blaze of the candles and the glitter of the silver paper and colored glass, when suddenly the shouts and laughter and clapping of tiny hands were drowned by a mighty uproar from without, in which the familiar hurrah of the English soldier was mingled with the shrill, savage ear-piercing yell of the Goorkha.

What could have happened! Had another Sepoy mutiny broken out, and were



"CALL PAPA, I WANT TO SAY GOOD NIGHT."

fire and slaughter about to run riot through the whole settlement, as in 1857?

Mr. Goodman rushed out, and was instantly overwhelmed by a surging crowd of soldiers, Englishmen, Scottish Highlanders and Goorkhas, all mixed together, in the midst of whom, borne on the mighty shoulders of Donald McPherson and a big English grenadier, was his former pupil, Umir Singh, thin, pale, with one arm in a sling, but still brisk and bold as ever.

"Padre Sahib," said he, holding out the lion's head which had adorned the Afghan cannon at Kandahar, "this is my Christmas gift."

"And it's the best of 'em all," shouted McPherson, at the full pitch of his mighty voice, "for it was bought with the poor laddie's ain blood. Gie him another cheer, lads, for sic a gallant sager, be he white or black, weel deserves a' the honor we can do him."

HE SHUT HIS MOUTH.

BACHELORS are not usually credited with much knowledge of the care of children, but it is evident that they sometimes have original methods. A middle-aged gentleman, of that state in life, went in to see his married sister, and found her trying to amuse her little boy, who was five years old.

Not long after he arrived she stepped out of the room to attend to some household matter or other, leaving him alone with the child. The boy eyed him dubiously for some minutes. He was a spoiled child, if ever there was one, and had no idea of making promiscuous acquaintances.

The bachelor tried to make the little one laugh, but all he got for his antics was a sour look. Finally, without warning, the child burst out crying. Here was a quandary to be sure. The man didn't dare to pick the boy up and soothe him. His attempts in a verbal line were dismal failures. What should he do? Finally a thought struck him, he looked at the crying youngster, and the crying youngster looked at him.

"Cry louder," said the man. "Cry louder yet," urged the bachelor. A yell went up that would have done credit to an Indian. "Louder still," said the man, and the boy did his best to obey. "Louder," fairly howled his uncle. "I won't," said the infant, and he shut his mouth with a click and was quiet for the rest of the day.

HIS MOTHER.

IN Mr. Searight's history of the old National Road and of the notable and eccentric characters who in early times were well known upon its borders, we find the following touching story:

In one of the first years of this century a farmer in the Pennsylvania hills, on returning from church one day with his family, found his house barricaded and an insane man in possession. With much difficulty the maniac was secured and taken to the jail in Uniontown. There he remained for more than fifty years. He was an Englishman of education who bore many evidences of gentle breeding. It was never known whence he came, nor how he found his way to these mountains. In his wildest ravings no hint of his past history ever escaped him.

Soon after his confinement he killed a fellow-prisoner, and was then chained to the floor like a wild beast. He was kept thus for eighteen years when a kindly keeper released him. He was decently clothed, and proving to be harmless, was allowed to wander a large in the daytime.

The whole county knew "Crazy Billy." He muttered to himself unceasingly, repeating the same scraps of verse a thousand times over.

He died at a great age continuing his incessant unintelligible mutterings even in the dying struggle. But when the last moment came his face suddenly flashed into hope and intelligence, and turning to his companion he said distinctly:

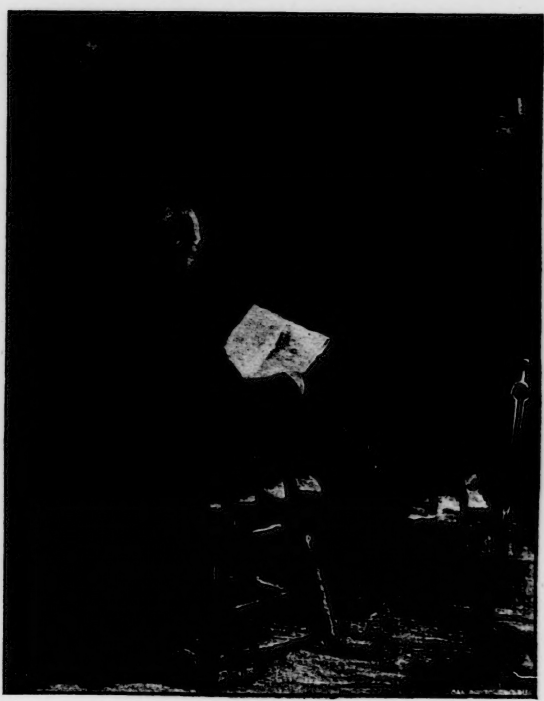
"O Gardner! if I can only see my mother!"

For more than half a century his home life had been blotted from his poor crazed brain; but with death his mother and her love and teachings came back to him.

The chaplain of a Southern prison once stated that one of the distressing experiences of his prison life was with a murderer sentenced to death. The man remained stolid and unmoved by any appeal to his moral sentiment or to his conscience. As the chaplain bade him farewell on the day of his execution, he said:

"I'll tell you why you couldn't do nothin' for me. Other men's mothers taught their religion when they was little. My mother was a drunken thief."

God puts a child's mind like a white scroll, into the mother's hand. He alone fully knows what she writes there.



MY AIN FIRE-SIDE.

DON'T DO IT.

IT is stated that when Boadicea led her army to battle she wore a man's armor, but was always careful to leave her golden hair floating over the steel links that all men might know that she was not only a warrior, but a woman.

Queen Elizabeth, the most shrewd and prudent sovereign of her day, when she held important councils with ambassadors from other countries, not only, we are told, brought all her learning and sagacity to bear against them, but "tucked herself in her most splendid apparel and rarest jewels, using all little female arts to win them to her service."

Victoria has laid deep the foundation of her empire over her subjects in their affections. It is not the hereditary queen that they reverence so much as the modest young girl, the faithful wife, the good kindly woman on the throne.

The first lady in our own land has endeavored herself to the nation, not as a politician or social leader, but as a most gracious gentlewoman.

It is a singular fact that no woman has ever long influenced the world as ruler, writer, or even reformer, who threw aside her feminine weapons.

The charm of a womanly woman is a real power. Her gentleness, her delicacy, her modesty are real forces. The girl who dresses like a man, who swaggers, who talks loudly, discusses risqué books and smokes cigarettes, is like a soldier who has thrown away his weapons before he goes into battle.

Her bicycle, for example, may be a good, useful thing, but she will not induce the public to approve of bicycles for women by appearing on it as an offensive caricature of a man. She will not win the world to her cause, however just, by disgusting it with herself.

Why should any of our girls throw away the weapons which God has given them?

WASHINGTON AS FIREMAN.

SOME interesting little stories are told of George Washington in connection with the "Friendship Fire Company," organized in 1774 in his home, Alexandria.

At first the company consisted of citizens who out of "mutual friendship" agreed to carry to every fire "two leather buckets and one great bag of ozenburg or wider linnen." Washington was made an honorary member, and when he went as a delegate to the Congress of 1774 at Philadelphia, he examined the fire engines in use there. On his return to Philadelphia to the Continental Congress in 1775, he bought from a man named Gibbs a small fourth-class engine, for the sum of eighty pounds ten shillings, and just before he set out for Boston heights to become commander-in-chief, he despatched this little engine to the Friendship Company.

During his younger days he always attended fires in Alexandria and helped to extinguish them. In the last year of his life a fire occurred near the market. He was riding down King Street at the time, followed by his servant, who was also on horseback.

Washington saw that the Friendship engine was insufficiently manned, and riding up to a group of well-dressed gentlemen standing near the scene of action, he called out authoritatively:

"Why are you idle there, gentlemen? It is your business to lead in these matters."

After which he leaped off his horse, and seizing the brakes was followed by a crowd that gave the engine such a shaking up as it had not had for many a day.

TEMPTATION.

WITH visored brow Temptation came, I did not know him by his name, But cried aloud, "Begone, O Shame!"

He turned away, and going cried, "Many thy peers have opened wide Their arms and begged me to abide."

"Riches was I to them, and health, Honor and pride that wait on wealth, And all fair things that come by stealth."

"Many thy peers have smiled on me, Fair dames and lords of high degree; They name me 'Opportunity.'"

"Soft name," I cried, "for such as thou; Take the grim mask from thy dark brow, And let thy face declare thee now!"

"Not so—for thee I have no name; I was Temptation ere I came— But thou hast killed me, calling 'Shame!'"

—Ira Whipple Benham.

THEY DIDN'T DERIDE HIM.

IT is not the sea that makes a sailor a vulgar animal, but the vices he takes to it. The life of the sea is bitter and hard, but it is not so bitterly hard as of itself to vulgarize a man. "The spirit of the Creator is never so close to one as at sea," says Mr. W. Clark Russell, the writer of sea romances, and he tells this anecdote to illustrate how a rough seaman may be subdued by a feeling of reverence.

A sailor, a rough, hectoring, swearing fellow, asked one of the ship-boys to lend him his Bible. "I'm afraid you'll make fun of it," answered the boy. "No, no, my lad," quickly replied the sailor, "I don't ridicule God Almighty."

The sailor, in common with many landsmen, has a schoolboy fear of derision. He cannot endure being laughed at, and therefore hides even the crude, religious feeling which may be in him. When, however, he stands by his colors and shows that a man may be a good sailor and a good Christian, he is not likely to encounter derision from his shipmates.

"I remember being a shipmate," writes Mr. Russell, "with a fine, intellectual sailor, a man with as refined a face and as gentle and expressive an eye as ever I met, who during the voyage made a practice in one of the dog-watches in fine weather to read the Bible in the fore-castle to such as chose to listen to him. He could get no hearers for a good while, but I do not know that the roughest, most unfeeling fellow in the ship ever ventured to whisper so much as a jest at the man's struggle to be of service to his fellows."

He was universally known as a smart and a sure hand, an excellent seaman in all senses, quiet, gentle, unobtrusive, with a hearty laugh, a man that a shipmate would go to in trouble, sure of sympathy and of such help as the poor fellow's slender resources admitted."



THE BOUTONNIERE.



A COSEY CORNER.

Little Amplias

He Arrives at the Farm.
What His Grandparents think of Him.
His Great Service.

JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB IN
"YOUTH'S COMPANION."

AMPLIAS and Deborah Hicks, for some reason or other, did not occupy so high a position in their neighbors' estimation as in their own opinion they were entitled to occupy.

What Vermont farmer was more thrifty, more saving, more careful than Amplias? Whose stock in the neighborhood was so carefully sheltered from the winter winds? Who had so many water-tight little out-buildings for the protection of all that was theirs? Whose apples were better

Their daughter Letitia had not done well in her marriage, and, though she lived in a town not a hundred miles away, Deborah and Amplias had not seen her since she left them. She had several children. Deborah and Amplias always spoke of them doubtfully, surmising that they probably had more of the characteristics of the shiftless Cane than of the thrifty Hickses.

But the nephews were gone, and a boy to do chores, or a girl to take hold in the house, would not be unhandy. Beside those worldly calculations, which seemed commendable to both, was a desire, unacknowledged by either, to do something for their one child, Letitia.



THE BERRY PICKER.

picked or lasted longer than theirs? Who could show more maple sugar at sugar time? Whose household goods had lasted so long, or looked so well preserved, as those cared for by Deborah? Whose farm was kept in better shape or managed more profitably than theirs?

But their neighbors declared that Amplias was close; that Deborah was stingy; that they were hard to live with; that their one daughter, Letitia, had married that good-for-nothing Charlie Cane simply to get away from the paternal roof.

Gossip said that the two nephews who had lived with them had grown sour-looking in their service, and that, being weary of life, they had finally run away one night to nobody knew where. Public sympathy had not been with Deborah and Amplias in the matter.

Amplias thought he understood the reason. His neighbors were meanly jealous of his good fortune. Ill luck that came to others never came to him; his hayricks did not burn, his cattle did not die mysteriously, his land did not refuse to yield bountifully to his labor. And by contemplating all these pleasing differences, Amplias was able to bear up against the disapproval of his neighbors.

So it happened that Amplias, with his bushy beard and low, self-approving "Ho, ho, ho" after all his own remarks, and the tall, spare Deborah, to whom half-witted Theophilus Bangs always referred as "a perfect taper," secluded themselves more and more in their old reddish-brown farmhouse set far back from the road. People said in varying tones that Deborah and Amplias were getting "unneighborly" and "very reticent," as well as "close and that a way."

So after much pondering and change of mind, they sent a letter to Letitia, saying that they would take and do well by her oldest girl or her oldest boy.

Hard work and disappointment had changed the pleasure-seeking Letitia of bygone days to something so calculating and sharp and unyielding that even Deborah and Amplias would have shrunk from such an exaggeration of themselves. The answer that reached the farmhouse was short and decisive:

"Mary can't go because I need her. John can't go because he is beginning to earn wages, and we need the money. But little Amplias can go if you want him. He is seven and not overstrong, and might fetch up on the farm."

The first decision was prompt. They did not want the sickly seven-year-old. Deborah was disappointed. She had found a use for her imagination, and had already pictured to herself an industrious girl seconding her in all the work of the house.

Amplias, too, had had his dream, and had gone up and down with the cultivator with a vision of a stout boy hard at work over in the next field, and he had pleased himself by planning to leave to that stout boy, in the distant future, his precious farm.

Surely the sickly seven-year-old was out of the question!

But the more they thought of it, and the more Amplias became impressed with the fact that the child was named after him, the more they were inclined to alter their decision.

"He couldn't do chores enough to earn his salt," said Amplias, waveringly, halting in his hasty dinner.

"He would fret for his brothers and

sisters, little as that," was the weak rejoinder.

"He would take your time from your work, being sickly?" questioningly.

"He might grow strong up here. I wonder if he favors you."

"He might get up the cows, and fetch water to the field, and gather the cobs and such like. I done all such when not mor'n five."

Gradually they came to the conclusion that little Amplias must come; but it took so long to do so that when Amplias drove over to Bethel to meet the boy at the station he had to go in a sleigh. He knew that his grandson was only seven, yet when he saw the conductor take off a little scrap of a boy he never thought of the child being his property. The conductor spied him.

"Here's your boy!" he shouted. "Labelled for Amplias Hicks, Stoneborough." Amplias made some remark, but his "Ho, ho, ho" died in his throat as he looked down at the mite of a child gazing so gravely up into his face.

"You my gran'per?" asked the boy.

"Yep, 'spect I am," and Amplias tried to laugh. But he couldn't. He felt more awkward than ever before in his life. He had never been accustomed to noticing children, and he did not know a child ever looked so—so little, so meditative, so wise. The boy's great, solemn eyes threw Amplias into a perspiration.

"You little Amplias?" he asked, nervously; "come, we must be getting home to Deborah."

He strode off toward the sleigh and the boy followed. Expecting in some way to find the boy beside him, Amplias got into the sleigh, but there was a great gulf of deep snow between it and the platform where the little Amplias stood, gravely watching.

"I got a bag," he said, holding up a check in his little, bare, red hand.

So Amplias had to get out and fetch the bag, and this time he lifted little Amplias into the sleigh. Something about the slight, trustful weight made his face turn scarlet. He looked down sideways at the boy and saw he was shivering. Then old Amplias tucked the robe around little Amplias with a curious sense of protecting something.

The boy did not seem to grow warm on that long, cold ride home. He just sat and shivered unconsciously, while

and not to try to dress him "fashionable," that is, not to buy him any clothes unless they were forced to do so. It seemed to Deborah now, that nothing could be good enough for that little boy.

She had some flannel in the house and she meant to make him good warm underclothes. But he would need stockings before she could possibly knit them, and shoes, too.

She had never seen Amplias seem so interested in anything human as in that boy. He could hardly eat for looking at him. As for little Amplias, he devoured his ham and eggs and potatoes and biscuits and drank his milk with a gusto that would have seemed an ill omen to Amplias and Deborah the day before, but which they looked on now with the greatest satisfaction.

Nothing was said, for the Hicks household was not a talkative one, until little Amplias looked up at his grandfather and philosophically remarked:

"If I eat like this I'll soon be able to do all your work."

"I don't want you doing no work,"

was the gruff reply. "You're to play."

Deborah tried to look unconscious.

Her husband was a very brave man to renounce his lifelong opinions so publicly!

The next day Amplias declared he must go to Bethel to buy a strap, and he insisted on taking little Amplias with him.

Deborah sewed her fastest while they were gone, scheming in the meanwhile about shoes and stockings. Her schemes, however, were vain, for when Amplias came home he broke in with:

"There, Deborah, little Amplias must go warm! See the great bargains! I was always a master-hand at buying."

There was a thick cap, and a heavy overcoat, and a warm suit, and a pair of stout shoes, and a whole bundle of other things. Little Amplias strutted around with a grave joy in his philosophic eyes that was almost intoxicating to the unaccustomed givers.

On Sunday Amplias suggested that they should drive to Lympus to meeting to show off little Amplias and his new clothes. It was a somewhat novel proceeding in view of their relations with their neighbors.

A great many curious eyes turned on them in that country church; and after meeting was over Amplias and Deborah were so anxious to exhibit their new pos-



MESSENGERS OF MERCY.

Amplias did not think that his grandson was much hurt until he picked up the little, pale, still child, and finding he did not move or seem to breathe, carried him—oh! so gently—to the house, wondering dully that the boy could be so light and little. Then he drove furiously for the doctor, while Deborah worked with a heavy heart over the moaning baby.

That was an awful week. The "Ho,

said, desperately. "I'm going to have a Boston doctor if it takes the farm!"

And he did; but it was a bitter disappointment to him. The verdict was the same. The child would never be anything but a cripple, and there wasn't a chance in a thousand that he would live through his fourteenth year.

Then boys came into that house—there had never been such a thing as a boy in it before, and a music-box, and many things that Deborah and Amplias had scorned in the good old days.

Deborah, in her recently acquired sympathy with suffering, found time to make clothes for a waif of a baby; and Amplias began to know where his pocket-book was when other people where wide awake to the fact.

They did not realize that they had changed, but other people where wide awake to the fact.

"The change that's come over the Hickses on account of little Amplias is astonishing!"

"The Lord visited them with a heavy hand, but the loving kindness of it is showed forth in their renewed hearts," said the minister, gravely, and his listeners nodded in solemn assent.

Even little Amplias heard remarks of that kind as he lay in his trundle bed, and he pondered over them in his philosophic fashion.

One night when Amplias thought the boy was asleep he broke out in bitter bewailing of the accident to Deborah.

"His life is ruined; the wick is all to be burned out in seven year. Doctor said to-night, out to the road gate, that little Amplias is just getting weaker and weaker, and that the chances are he'll drop asleep some of those days and never wake up again—and him getting so strong and chipper before that gate acted so like a tarlatan fool! What I'd never had a gate on the farm!" Deborah we've never known what it was to live before little Amplias came. And just as we're finding out he's to be taken from us!"

"It's a judgment on us for our hard ways," sobbed Deborah. "I've had awake nights feeling it in my bones."

"What good is it if we've got to lose him? Money, nor the farm, nor nothing, is nowhere compared to that little fellow with me!" And Amplias groined with his head in his hands.

Then came a clear, wise little voice from the trundle bed.

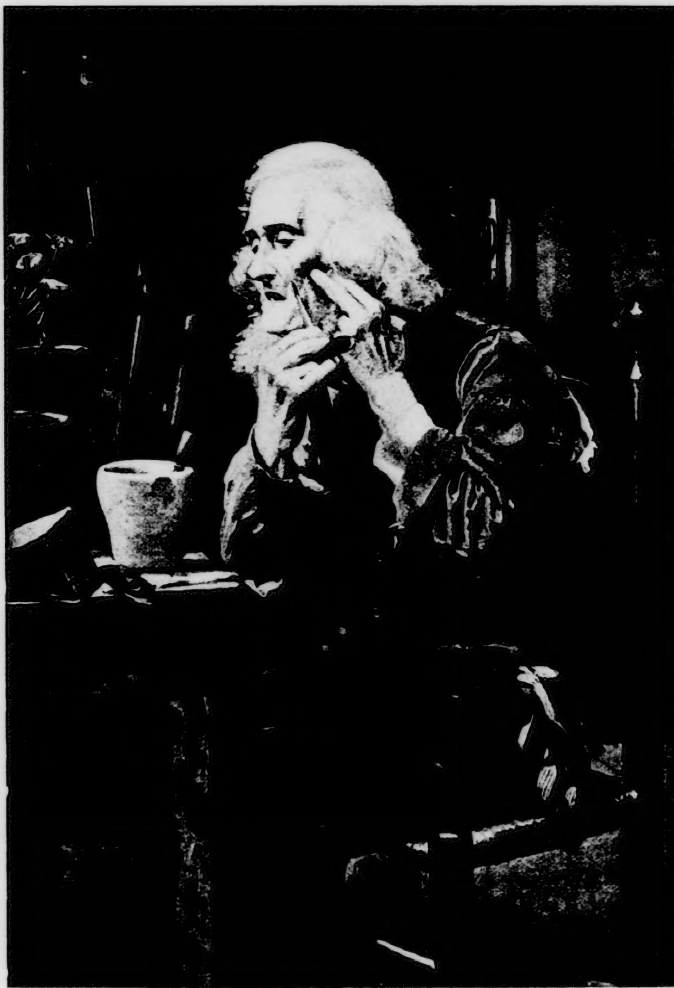
"You needn't to mind, gran'per and gramma. I think I like it better this way. You needn't to mind about me. It would be awful resting to fall asleep and not wake up no more."

He paused. The old people lay still, waiting for the child's voice in the dark.

"And I guess that was a good gate," went on the small philosopher. "The Theophilus Bangs told Sam Beech that Deborah and Amplias Hicks were a real Christianer and wonderful nice people since little Amplias was hurt, and he guessed it was a good thing. And I'm awful glad it's a good thing, you're so awful good to me. And you don't mind any more."

So it happened that, long after a small, white stone bearing the words "Little Amplias, Son of, etc., aged eight years and one month, had been put at the head of a tiny new mound in the graveyard, people in all the country round looked to Deborah and Amplias Hicks for sympathy in affliction and a time of trouble.

Some there were who remembered the story, and occasionally told in remnant fashion how Deborah and Amplias used to be "terrible hard and close, and that a way, before little Amplias came."



A BENEDICT 60 YEARS TO-MORROW

Amplias lashed his horse in a most un-Hicks-like fashion.

"Here, Deborah," he said, carrying the boy into his wife. "He's a right about froze. Ginger him up or so nothing."

Deborah had not expected anything so little as this. She held the child on her lap by the hot stove in the warm, comfortable kitchen. She took off his thin little overcoat, and his thin little scarf, and the poor little cap tied down over his ears. She took off his worn shoes and cottony clothes, and rubbed him hard, and turned him and laked him before the fire.

She washed him in hot water to warm him, and filled him with hot ginger tea, which he took obediently until the tears stood in his eyes. When she saw those patient tears something blurred her own eyes, and she saw more than one little boy unconsciously drinking his scalding ginger tea.

She wrapped him in the heavy shawl which she had been warming, and held him in her lap—and cried. Yes, she, Deborah Hicks, who hadn't cried for years—for she boasted she wasn't the crying kind,—felt such a love and pity surge up in her heart for that bit of a boy—almost her own boy—that she cried as if her heart would break.

Little Amplias stared at her reflectively. "Don't cry," he said finally. "I like to live here with you."

She gave him a big hug and laid him like a bundle on the old soft lounge. She turned her hot biscuits in the oven, poked the sizzling slices of ham in the frying-pan, stirred the fried potatoes, poured boiling water into the teapot, and when old Amplias came stamping into the back shed from the dark, snowy world outside supper was smoking on the table.

Little Amplias watched everything with hungry eyes.

"Got him warmed up?" asked Amplias, as soon as he came in; "aint he the littlist thing you ever saw?"

Deborah had a suspicion that Amplias felt pretty much as she did. But perhaps his feeling would be gone by to-morrow, and she had already begun to wonder how she could get clothes for the boy. She and Amplias had virtuously and sternly resolved not to waste any money on him,

session that they were really cordial in their demeanor and more conciliatory than for months past.

"Lawsy," said one good woman, "Amplias Hicks actually seems to set store by that child—and him such a sickly, puny, white-faced slip! I didn't know Amplias would put up one minute with anything that couldn't work! Good land! it would make me jump out of my skin to have them great, solemn eyes staring at me the way they do at Amplias."

Deborah and Amplias had declared to each other resolutely that Letitia should "lie in the bed she had made," and that she need not expect help from them after casting in her lot with shiftless Charlie Cane. But in some way, after little Amplias came they began to talk about sending Letitia a bit of a box.

That box grew and grew until it turned into a barrel of potatoes, a barrel of apples, a barrel of comforts and other things made by Deborah's industrious, hard-worked fingers, and a barrel of flour from their own wheat. With the freight paid,—though that was a tug,—they went to Letitia, and the first warm, loving thoughts she had ever had of her home since she left it, came to her when she stood before those homely, country-looking barrels.

The bitterness of her reminiscences seemed to drop from her. After many an effort she wrote a short note. Cold and unfeeling it would have seemed to some, perhaps, but there was something in it that made Deborah think for many a day of the little Letty of years ago and, made Amplias wish he had also sent some maple sugar and a few beets and cabbages and even a little money.

Then came the accident. Little Amplias was very ambitious to help his grandfather, and had grown to be very useful in his willing way. He was manifold and always confident of his ability to be of assistance in everything. Amplias would laugh and slap his knees and "Ho, ho, ho!" at night as he told Deborah what little Amplias had said or done.

But one day the boy was trying to open the heavy stockyard gate for his grandfather, when the wind took it out of his weak grasp. It knocked him down, and the weight slipped and struck him.

ho, ho!" died all away from Amplias. The cattle looked at him in a dazed fashion—they didn't know their strange master. He was too restless to stay in the house, and to restless too stay out of it. He hated the doctor. What business had the doctor to say, as he did, that little Amplias would be a cripple as long as he lived, and would not live long at best? that he could not have lived long in any case, for he had no constitution! Why, he was going to leave little Amplias the farm!

"Money's nothing, Deborah!" he



HULLO, DAR, HONEY!



TEA IN A HOP GARDEN.

The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. XII.

QU'APPELLE STATION, N. W. T., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1896.

No. 11.

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THE partnership heretofore existing be-
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Qu'Appelle, Dec. 17, 1896.

**THE partnership heretofore exist-
ing between Scott & Johnston, at Indian
Head, Qu'Appelle, will be dissolved on Jan. 1st,
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showed it to my friends, and made \$13.00
in two hours, taking orders for the spoon.
The book upon is a household necessity.
It cannot slip into the dish or cooking
vessel, being held in the place by a hook on
the back. The spoon is something the
housekeepers have needed ever since spoons
were first invented. Anyone can get a
sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps
to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to
make money around home.

Very truly,
JANETTE S.

THE

Qu'Appelle: Progress
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
At the Printing Office, Qu'Appelle Station,
Assn., N.W.T., Canada.

Subscription Price \$1 per annum in ad-
vance; \$1.50 if not so paid.
S. T. SCOTT, Editor and Proprietor

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business cards as per arrangement ac-
cording to space.

Transient Ads, such as Legal Notices,
By-Laws, Tenders, Notice of Meetings, etc.,
10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents
each subsequent insertion, solid newspaper
measure.

Reading notices in local columns 10 cents
per line each insertion.

Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Found,
Astray, etc., 5c for first insertion, 2c for
each subsequent insertion. This class of
ads. must be accompanied by cash to insure
publication.

Church Notices and Society Entertain-
ments from which a revenue is to be derived
will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents
per line.

Rates for Commercial, Contract and Per-
manent advertisements will be furnished on
application.

A liberal commission allowed to parties
willing to act as agents for the Progress.
S. T. SCOTT.

Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1896

OUR TOWN.

Situated on the main line of the
Canadian Pacific railway, that mar-
vellous stretch of iron road extend-
ing unbroken line from the Atlantic
to the Pacific, stands the thriving,
live town of Qu'Appelle, distant
some 325 miles west from Winni-
peg.

It is surrounded by some of the most
fertile and picturesque country to
be found throughout the accom-
panying interminable Northwest Ter-
ritories.

Extending for many miles in
every direction, its great beauty and
park-like character at once strike
alike the new-comer, and travellers
passing through, with surprise and
admiration, bringing promptly to
their minds, and contrasting most
pleasantly with the monotony, the
melancholy monotony we may say,
of hundreds of miles of treeless
prairie over which they had previous-
ly passed.

In addition to the striking beauty
of the far-stretching country in
which our town lies peacefully em-
bowed, it is not even a little bit
too much to say that by reason of
its great fertility, its incalculable
possibilities and advantages—not
the least of the latter being its
peculiarly healthy climate, its re-
sources are simply illimitable.

Of the ever highly interesting
and stirring history of this grand
country, we take it for granted that
every man who steps into his place
in the ranks that constitute the
vast, the powerful, the ever increas-
ing army of Canadian farmers, has
more or less knowledge, and if he
be altogether ignorant of the doings
and geography of the country of
his adoption, the sooner he makes
himself acquainted with them the
better it will be for his future well-
fare. It will doubtless come as a
surprise to some, that the Dominion
of Canada comprises more than a
third of the British Empire; its
area, about the same as Europe's,
estimated at three and a half mil-
lion square miles, or something
more than thirty-eight times that
of Britain.

Well within the past twenty
years has Qu'Appelle, now well
known as Qu'Appelle, had neither a
local habitation nor a name. It
was just part and parcel of the
boundless prairie, untraversed by
that iron roadway, which is long
as to stretch its mighty arm from
the Atlantic to the Pacific, and
whose name was to become in
every civilized land as familiar in
the mouth as household words.

Our town has for the accommoda-
tion of travellers, its urban popula-
tion, and others, two first class
hotels, Leland House and the
Queen's Inn, respectively by Love
& Raymond, their comfortable, cap-
acious and well ordered establish-
ment being situated immediately
opposite the railway station, while
the Queen's, under the way of Mr.
J. Fisher, is located about the cen-

tre of the town, on Main street. It

is an oft repeated truism that our
two hotels are second to none, in
comfort and accommodation, west
of Winnipeg. Our four large, well-
stocked general stores are in full
evidence, about equidistant through-
out the town; these exten-
sive, well-stocked establishments are
run respectively by S. H. Cas-
well, A. S. Emery, J. P. Bout-
champ, G. H. V. Bulyea and Mrs.
Ambler; then there are, bank, post
and money order office, two lum-
ber yards, watermen, harness and
saddlery, two blacksmith shops, a
baker, fruit dealer and confectioner,
two boot and shoe makers, two
wheelwrights, three butchers, two
drying stores, two tailors, house, sig-
n and carriage painter, tinsmith, car-
penters, binders and contractors,
barber, livery and feed stables, a
plot grafter and numerous other
trades and business lines of a kindred
nature, which pressure on our
space one prevents our particular-
izing. There are two resident
doctors, two solicitors, notaries pub-
lic, etc., also a number of life, fire,
accident and other insurance agen-
cies.

The Silent Echo published at
the Deaf and Dumb Institute in
this city, makes an appeal to the
Dominion authorities not to delay
action upon a proposal made by them
some time ago, which had for its
object the receiving of deaf mutes
from the Territories by the Mani-
toba Institution. It appears that in
the present state of the Territorial
finances there is no prospect of
erecting a building there, but the
Lieut. Governor and the Council
have recommended that a five years
arrangement be made by Manitoba
for receiving pupils from the Ter-
ritories. Favorable consideration
has been promised, but the matter
must now be gone into afresh with
the Dominion Cabinet; and it is
feared that further delay is to be
looked for.

If the Manitoba Government is
willing to take deaf and dumb
pupils on the terms proposed, there
is no real cause for delay; and as
some additions must be made to its
present accommodations if an agree-
ment is entered into, there is decided
reason for prompt action, if there
are no real objections to be consid-
ered. It is one of these matters
that the new Minister of the Inter-
ior might with advantage take up
at an early date. His knowledge of
the situation, gained from his pre-
vious position, will enable him to
do this; and his determination ex-
pressed the other day, not to allow
business in his new department to
be pigeon-holed, may be expected
to find an illustration in his dealing
with the matter.

There are about thirty deaf and
dumb children in the Territories,
of whom about 20 are of school age,
but unable from poverty to obtain in-
struction in any form. They are a
class of children who appeal to the
sympathies of the community; and
it is to be hoped that before long
provision may be made for their re-
ception here until the Territories
are able to open an Institution of
their own.—Free Press.

There are many people in Great
Britain who have as much faith in
a Hudson's Bay railway as have all
western Canadians. Among them
are Admiral Markham and Capt.
Burke, of the Royal Navy, both
Arctic explorers, Col. Harrison and
Mr. Reid of Glasgow, and many
other financial men. These men
have such faith in the project that
they stand ready to invest their
capital in it and only require rea-

sonable encouragement to do so.

As showing the keen interest they
take in the matter, they have sent
a communication to Senator Boulton
thanking him for his earnest and
intelligent exertions in behalf of
the route saying that they believe
the railroad "will not only benefit
the great Dominion of Canada and
the colonies in the Pacific, but will
also be of Imperial importance."

Speaking of the transportation
charges in the Western States Mr.
A. B. Stickney, president of the
Chicago, Great Western railway, in
reply to the representatives of other
corporations, gave expression to the
following startling sentence: "You
charge the Kansas and Nebraska
farmer 13c's to haul his grain 200
miles, you charge the grain dealer
6c's to haul that same grain twice
as far as to Chicago; I tell you
it is this kind of business that is
making anarchists west of the Mis-
souri river." The same policy in
the Canadian Northwest is the
principal cause of the discontent
and discouragement of our settlers.

The Northwest will never be
prosperous until our own farmers
supply the whole of the local de-
mand for such food products as can
be grown here. Thousands of dol-
lars worth of turkeys, geese, ducks,
and fowls are imported to Alberta
every year and good money paid
out for them and the freight. That
our farmers and ranchers could sup-
ply this demand is proved by the
fact that a rancher in the Calgary
district sold forty Alberta turkey-
in the city for Thanksgiving day, at
prices averaging a dollar a head.—
Calgary Herald.

British Columbia is a favorite
of fortune. A Cornish man has
found a deposit of tin there. Sal-
mon in the rivers and tin for can-
ons on the river banks! The Cornish-
man should keep on digging. He
may find tinsmiths further down.—
Calgary Herald.

On Friday morning, between 6
and 7, an attempt was made to
burglarize the store of Neelds and
Gibbons, an entrance being effected
at the rear of the store by a window.
Mr. Sweet hearing the breaking of
glass hastened to ascertain the cause,
and on his appearance the would-be
thief beat a hasty retreat, fortu-
nately taking nothing with him.

Mr. Christie, of Grenfell, has
opened a bank here in the Osmont
block, which was much needed.

The R.T. of T. are about to re-
gister a protest against the opening
of a wholesale liquor store in this
place.

Mr. H. Bonnycastle and family
left for California by Friday's ex-
press. A large of friends and ac-
quaintances bid them *bon voyage*.

Mrs. J. B. Webster, of Wide-
Awake, left for Ontario by Satur-
day's express. We wish her a
pleasant trip.

A. MacGillivray, plasterer, who
has been working on the Kenlis
church, arrived home last week.

We understand that Mr. J. Phil-
lips is about to erect a new black-
smith shop on the site of the one
recently destroyed by fire. The
shop will be made larger than the
old one and will front on two streets.

Mr. Geo. Waddy, of the N.W.M.
P., formerly of Indian Head, is in
town this week renewing acquaint-
ances.

STILL IN HIS PRIME.

North Hastings' Oddest Inhabitant Male
and Hearty.

James Moore, of Lanesville, Ont., one
of the oldest and best known residents
of Hastings County, can boast of won-
derful health and vigor for his age.

"Although I am over 84 years of
age," he says, "I feel as young as ever
I did."

Mr. Moore, however, had a narrow
escape from death about a year ago. "I
was sick and went to bed," he writes,
"but the doctors gave me up. I tried
various alleged remedies but found them
all useless. One day our paper brought
F. C. Humphreys' name to my notice. I
bought a box of Dr. Humphreys' Kidney-
Liver Pills to try. The result was mar-
vellous. After taking two boxes I was
able to get up. Then I bought a box
for a box. I could soon eat any-
thing. In a short time I was able to
walk two miles to Lanesville and back
with ease."

Dr. Humphreys' Kidney-Liver Pills will
relieve all cases of kidney, liver,
stomach and blood troubles. For sale
by all dealers. Price 25 cents. Our
pill a dose once a day. Edmondson
Rates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

Chase's Syrup of Laxated and Tur-
pentine is the latest discovery for cough,
croup and crouping. It is pleas-
ant, quick and certain. 25 cents.

THAT WONDERFUL CHURN.

I wish to add my testimony to the list of
those that have used the Lightning Churn.
It does all that is claimed for it; you can
churn easily in one minute and get a large
percentage more butter than with the com-
mon churns. I never took the agency for
anything before, but so many of my neigh-
bors wanted churns that I ordered 30 and
they are all gone. I think in a year every
house will have a Lightning Churn, in fact
they cannot afford to be without one as they
make so much more butter and a good little
bit of money can be made in every town-
ship selling these churns. By writing to J. F.
Covey & Co., St. Louis, Mo., you can get
circulars and full particulars about the churn.
A Reader.

nable encouragement to do so.

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take in the matter, they have sent
a communication to Senator Boulton
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The R.T. of T. are about to re-

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

Local and General

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

—Miss Elliot left for Park River N. D., on Saturday.

—Mr. Walter McMichael left for Ontario on Tuesday last.

—J. P. Cliffe, of the Brandon Mail, was in town last week.

—A nice Xmas present for your wife—a Dowsell Washer.

—Miss Wilson returned from Regina on Monday evening.

—The Neepawa Press has issued an attractive Xmas number.

—Mr. J. Longpre visited his sister, Mrs. Tourigny of Wolseley, on Saturday.

—Councillor Matheson left Monday evening, the 21st, for Winnipeg to spend Christmas.

—Miss Talbot, of Winnipeg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. H. Caswell, during the holidays.

—Mr. E. W. Warner arrived from Winnipeg on Sunday morning to spend Christmas with his family.

—We understand that the Heather Curling club will send one or more rinks to the bonspiel at Winnipeg this winter.

—Herbert Robert Robert Reade, of Canaan, from Lanark County, Ont., has been appointed honorary suzerain for the Queen.

—Mr. Wark, of Regina, returned from Winnipeg on Saturday, and passed Sunday with his college friend Rev. S. W. Thompson.

—Rev. S. W. Thompson preached a Christmas sermon on Sunday evening, which was listened with marked attention by a large congregation.

—Mrs. Galbraith arrived in town from Stonewall, Man., Saturday morning, returning same evening with her granddaughter, Miss Florence Fisher.

—Mr. and Mrs. Raymond registered at the Leland Hotel, Winnipeg, Mr. Raymond is pronounced by the doctors to be sound, all that he requires being rest.

—Miss Davidson arrived home from Winnipeg to spend the holidays with her parents. Miss Gibson is spending her holidays at her sister's in Balduin, Man.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. McNaughton, J. Craig and wife, R. Craig, Donald Brown, Mrs. Fred Whittingham and Miss Shaver, were passengers on Saturday's train for the East.

—A farmer named John Conn, living near Saskatoon, accidentally shot himself through the right hand while taking down a shot gun hanging on the wall. The hand had to be amputated.

—Mr. J. Lidgate leaves this week to spend a month or so visiting his relations and friends in England. Mr. Bradley will represent Mr. Lidgate until the return of the latter from the Old Country.

—Mr. Wm. Stewart, of McLean, had the sad misfortune to freeze one of his feet some time ago, and his medical attendant now states that it will be necessary to amputate several toes.

—On Saturday last a man named Martin in the employ of Mr. John Hewitt of Edgely, had the misfortune to dislocate his ankle and rupture the ligaments. He is progressing favorably at last accounts.

—A farm laborer named Clark lost a pocketbook on Broad Street, Regina, or vicinity containing about \$175 in bills, a railway ticket to Emerson, Ont., for which he had just paid \$46.00, and other valuables.

—Mr. W. Campton, Sr., was a passenger on board the west bound train on Saturday last, his destination being Macdowall, near Pinder. After, whether he has gone on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Cameron.

—The Methodist Sunday school Xmas tree and cantata takes place in the town hall on Xmas night at 7.30. All are invited to make use of the tree for giving presents to their children. A pleasant time is expected.

—Members of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange have received cablegrams in respect to the Argentine wheat crop which state the surplus for export will be a half less than last year and two thirds less than in 1894.

—The examinations for teachers who have been taking first and second class normal training, commenced on the 16th of the present month and ended on Saturday, 20th.

MAURY THIS GIRL, SOMEBODY.

I have been reading in your paper about a woman and women that have been very successful selling self-heating flatirons, and I thought I would see what a girl could do. I have worked 12 days and have sold 151 flatirons and have \$218 left after paying all expenses. Everybody is delighted with the iron and I sell one almost every place I show it, as people think they can't afford to do without one as they save so much fuel and time and don't burn the clothes. I know I can clear \$5,000 a year. How is that for a girl?

A Graduate.

Splendid, my girl, splendid! You are a true American girl. Anyone can get complete information about the self-heating iron by addressing J. F. CONEY & CO., St. Louis, Mo. It seems to be a winner as everybody selling it writes in its praise.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have made \$1,640 clear money in 87 days and attended to my household duties besides, and I think this is doing splendidly for a woman unacquainted in business. Any one can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family wants a Dish Washer. I don't canvass at all; people come or send for the washer, and every washer that goes out sells two or three more, as they do the work to perfection. You can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes. I am going to devote my whole time to this business now and I am sure that I can clear \$5,000 a year. My sister and brother have started in the business and are doing splendidly. You can get complete instructions and hundreds of testimonials by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., Station A, Pittsburgh, Pa. and if you don't make lots of money it's your own fault.

Mrs. W. H.

Inclusive, the normal students

then dispersed to their respective homes for Christmas.

The Northwest Mounted Police of Battleford will give their annual dinner on the evening of January 1.

The Lake of the Woods Milling company is making large shipments of flour to Australia. Two thousand tons a month are to be forwarded hereafter.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Hales of Regina, sister of Miss Hales of Qu'Appelle died suddenly. Miss Hales who occupied the position of housekeeper to Mr. J. P. Beauchamp, left on Monday to attend her sister's funeral.

Winnipeg has now several cases of small pox as a result of carelessness. In view of the existence of the dread disease even at that distance, steps should be taken to vaccinate school children and all other unvaccinated persons, in towns along the line of railway.

The Supreme Court judges decided not to go on with the West Assiniboia protest until the appeal respecting preliminary objections is first disposed of at Ottawa. Steps are being taken to get that technicality out of the way at once, so that the protest hearing may come on early in January.—Standard.

On the coast of the waves of success in the family affairs of the West. The FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR has been selected by the people of this section for its new and revised subscription. It is entitled "The Family Herald." The FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR, together with THE QU'APPELLE PROGRESS and the premium plate may be secured for \$1.75 by remitting direct to this office.

On Thursday of last week a team of horses ran away from the elevator, going down Main Street at a break-neck speed and narrowly escaping several boys who were playing on the street at the time. The horses were caught a short distance out of town, no damage being reported other than a badly smashed pair of bob-sleighs.

A horrible fatality occurred at Medicine Hat last Sunday week. A Mrs. Chapman of Belleville was en route to the side of a rock husband at the coast. She and a young lady companion were passing between cars or alighting to take a walk on the platform at Medicine Hat, when the train was in motion. In some way Mrs. Chapman fell and was dragged beneath the wheels, meeting a terrible death.

Editor G. G. Meikle, of the Assiniboian, Saltoons, mourns the death of his wife, Emma Meikle, after a brief illness. Deceased was the eldest daughter of Mr. S. Jakes, Merriville, Ont., and was married September 18th, 1877. She was buried at Saltoons on Friday afternoon, beside her infant son, who preceded her only the week before. The funeral service was held in St. Augustine's, and was largely attended by sorrowing friends.

Mr. Eus is always in search of something new, and what is more, he generally finds it. He now believes that he has found a means to make the blind see by the use of the Roentgen rays, the only condition being that the optic nerve must be intact. Experiments have been made at his laboratory, apparently to some extent successfully, and Mr. Edison, says Dalziel's correspondent, prophesies that within three years they will be able to restore sight to the blind.

The twelfth annual issue of the Columbia Pad Calendar has made its appearance in more pleasing form than ever before, having scattered through its daily leaves many charming illustrations, with an appropriate thought or verse for each day in the year. Among the topics are bicycling, outdoor life, and good roads. The cycling fraternity, to say nothing of the general public,

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM

BAKING

POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Alkalies, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

How the Dipper Saved the Farm.

Father was sick and the mortgage on the farm was coming due. I saw in the Christian Advocate where Miss A. M. Fritz of Station A, St. Louis, Mo., would send a sample combination dipper for 18 two cent stamps, and I ordered one. I saw the dipper could be used as a fruit jar filler, a plain dipper, a fine strainer, a funnel, a strainer funnel, a sick room warming pan and a paint measure. These eight different uses makes the dipper such a necessary article that I went to work with it and it sells at very near every house, and in four months I paid off the mortgage. I think I can clear as much as \$200 a month. If you need work you can do well by giving this a trial. Miss A. E. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., will send you a sample for 18 two cent stamps—write at once.

JOHN G. N.

TORE HIS FLESH IN AGONY.

I was troubled with blind itching piles for 20 years; was unable to work; and tore my flesh in agony. United States and Canadian doctors failed to relieve. Chase's Ointment was a God-send. I am a better man than in 20 years, and am able to work every day. Phillip Wallace blacksmith, Iroquois, Ont. Chase's Ointment cures piles, eczema, and irritant diseases. All druggists 60c per box.

Qu'Appelle Markets.

GRAIN—Wheat, No. 1, 60c; No. 2, 51c; No. 3, 46c. Oats, 20c. Flour—Hull-less, \$2.35; Strong Bakers, \$2.15; XXX, \$1.45; Rye, 50c; Corn, 25c; Bran, 15c; Meal, 12c; Cheese, 12c. CATTLE—Live weight, but export, 24c; butchers, 2 to 2 1/2; Hogs, 12 to 15; Sheep, 3c; Lambs, \$2 to \$3 each. Calves, 7c. MEAT (retail)—Beef, 5 to 10c; pork, 10c; mutton, 10 to 15c; lamb, 12 to 15c; veal, 7 to 12c; pork sausages, 10c; Bologna sausage, 12c; corned beef, 6 to 10c; pickled pork, 10 to 12c; deviled bacon, 10c; breakfast bacon and ham, 12 to 15c; spiced roll, 12c. Fish—Herring, 35c; Finnan Haddock, 12c; Oysters—\$1.50 per bush. Potatoes—15c per bush. Cabbage, 1c per lb. Cauliflower, 30 to 50c. Celery 75c per doz. bunches. Hay, \$8 a ton; wood, \$3 to \$3.50 a cord. Green limes are now being brought. Coal—Anthracite, \$9.25; bit, \$8.60.

BAD BLOOD BETWEEN THEM.

The ever-slaving farmer's wife, her delicate sister in the city, suffer more than they care to tell. The dark rings round the eyes, headache, dizziness, palpitation or rheumatic twinges, betoken a run down system. The blood is poor, and is a bar to the enjoyment of life. Scott's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, strengthens and vitalizes the system, and speedily restores the bloom of health to the cheeks. It cures when others fail.

To the Policy Holders of the Confederation Life.

Mr. A. D. Dixon having resigned the agency for this district, Mr. S. H. Caswell has been appointed agent, to whom all premiums are payable.

A. W. E. MARLEY, General Agent.

A bank robber was killed at Rollette, N.D., while resisting arrest.

As a blood maker, blood purifier, health giver and system renovator Manley's Celery-Nerve Compound is unrivalled.

"The eruptions on the face particularly have been removed, and the trouble in my back as well, and I feel like a new man. I consider Manley's Celery-Nerve Compound better than doctor's medicine for blood and liver trouble, as it has proved so in my case."

Leah Leffler, Watford, Ont.

Start The New Year

BY FEEDING YOUR HORSES

Orchard's Condition Powder

AND KEEP YOUR SKIN WHOLE BY USING

Orchard's Witch Hazel Cream

A. G. ORCHARD, INDIAN HEAD

FARM LANDS FOR SALE.

The North-West Lands of the Estate of the late W. R. THISTLE, comprising

4,000 ACRES

Of Valuable Improved

FARM PROPERTY

ARE NOW OFFERED

FOR SALE ON

Most Reasonable Terms.

For full particulars apply to

A. D. DICKSON,

BARRISTER,

QU'APPELLE

The Prairie Witness

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

In the interest of Missions in the North-west Territories.

Subscription \$1 a year in advance.

All communications to be addressed to the publisher,

A. ROBSON,

Indian Head, Assn.

Poplar Plains.

Quite a number of the farmers are taking advantage of the mild weather to get up their wood. The Indians are busily engaged cutting and are making quite a lot of money.

Where are our sports? Wolves are getting very plentiful. No less than eight were seen in a pack lately.

All the farmers are much pleased with the manner in which Messrs. Boyce and Carter cleaned their grain. We are all looking for them early next year—not when there is two feet of snow on the ground. They were quite a jolly gang.

I wonder who got lost the other night and landed home at a late hour?

The farmers are still looking for a higher price for their wheat.

The weather prophet predicts a cold snap in a few days.

Mr. C. Arthur has left for the valley at Lake's End, intending to stay with his brother for a few months to help him through with his studies.

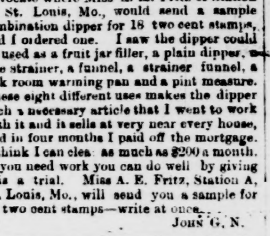
HAMILTON & JONES, Barristers, Etc.

REGINA AND INDIAN HEAD.

W. G. Hamilton, Manager Indian Head office.

ECZEMA!

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT



REV. CHAS. FISH
Methodist Minister, Toronto

How men better known or more highly esteemed in the ministerial ranks in Canada than the gentleman whose portrait accompanies this. Although now retired from the more active work in the ministry, he has held almost all the more important charges throughout Ontario as a pastor in the Methodist Church. He is one of the pioneer preachers. A few words of his to fellow-sufferers will be taken in the spirit which he intends them, feeling that in publishing to the world the great benefits he has derived from his great cure he is but doing his first duty to man, and, in a measure, fulfilling the old command, "Do unto others," etc.

About ten years ago I felt the beginnings of what is commonly known as Eczema. The disease commenced in my ears and spread entirely over both sides of my head and also developed on my hands. During these ten years I was a great sufferer. I tried many supposed remedies and some of the best physicians—specialists in skin diseases—treated me. Beyond affecting temporary relief, I received no more benefit and all failed to effect a cure. Some time ago I was led from reading and investigating some reliable testimonials I read in the newspapers to try Dr. Chase's Eczema Ointment. The first box gave me so much relief that I felt warranted in persevering. As I wrote this I am just commencing on the fifth box, and, judging from the rapid improvement effected, I am certain that before the box is completed I shall be completely cured. I think my cure almost a marvel, and shall be pleased at any time to converse with any sufferer from the same. Having suffered so much myself, I give this testimony for the benefit of others.

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Methodist Minister.

What are you wearing

On your feet this weather?

There is style in footwear as there is in hats. Each year the Granby Rubbers and Overshoes are modelled to fit all the fashionable shapes of boots. They are thin so as to prevent clumsy appearance and feeling and to make them so necessities the use of the finest quality of rubber. While Granby Rubbers and Overshoes are up to date in Style, Fit and Finish, they retain their old enduring quality.

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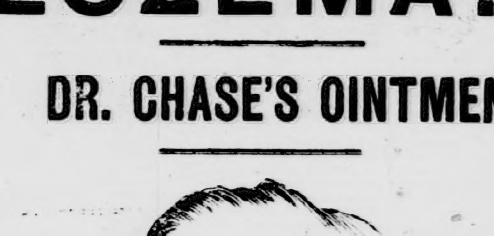
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